Wichita Eagle

AFRICANUS AND AFRICANA.

Pen Picture of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley by Alfred Balch.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—The lady is first, as of right. Mrs. Henry M. Stanley, she who was Miss Dorothy Tennant, is tall and slight. She has a wealth of golden brown hair, her eyes are large, soft and brown, her complexion is like porcelain, and she had when she arrived in New York a great deal of color. She walks gracefully, with a lissome movement, and her feet are as small as those of an American belle. She is slender and her figure is good. When she arrived on the Teutonic she wore a circular of blue cloth, trimmed with gray fur, a black hat and a face veil. She moves continually to a position near her husband, and she has a habit of taking refuge behind him when she is talking. This, however, seems to be a survival, for she will retreat behind her mother, if Mrs. Tennant is near, when questioned by any one she does not know well. She has a wonderfully spirituelle expression, the look of a born artist, and the contrast between herself and her husband recalls the old proverb anent contraries in marriage.

It may be the fame which Stanley Africanus has won as a traveler and explorer, as a man whom no difficulties may daunt and no dangers detain, that produced in my mind the impression he was physically a big man. What was my surprise at having the smallest man in the group standing near the Teutonic's rail pointed out to me as the man from Africa. Stanley is about 5 feet 9 inches, I should judge. His face is of a peculiar color. There seems to be an under color of tan, as though he had been darkened by the sun and the scarf skin had been put on afterward. His hair is silver white, the tint being that of frosted metal. His eyes are hazel and

DOROTHY TENNANT STANLEY.

rather small, and he has a trick of half closing them when talking to you. His mustache is white, and there is not enough of it to hide the expression of his mouth, which looks as though he might be terribly bitter in his speech on occasion. His figure is compact, and he moves as only those move who are physically powerful.

He is careless in his dress, as are most men who have spent much time in the free life of the wild; he wore his gloves unbuttoned and one end of his coat collar turned up. He is terribly earnest in manner; he impresses you, moves you, by this earnestness. Generally he talks in a rather low tone of voice, but his sentences can ring out as he becomes excited by the subject matter of his speech. His voice is wonderfully sympathetic in timbre; it recalls the description of Cardinal Newman's voice: "There are tears in it!" As he spoke of the men who died at Yambuya, the Arabs and Zanzibaris, I wish you could have heard the pathos, the exceeding mourning, of the words: "These men were my men, my officers. They did not belong to the committee; they were mine. Many of them were old and tried friends whom I had trusted only to find them true. My friends died there!" His voice expressed the sorrow as well as the rage which filled his heart as he thought of that long tragedy.

The man seems to be devoid of humor. Jokes affect him not, nor does he approach them in his talk. He is grim as well as earnest. He repels and attracts at the same time. He has an air of infinite patience, and in his talk you are impressed by an evident thoroughness shown in small things. This explains to you his success. Nothing is so little as to be without a claim on his attention, nothing so large that he will not study it. But the suffering he has gone through has left its mark, for on his face there is a look as of one who has drawn the veil and gazed at death face to face, yet has not been afraid.

ALFRED BALCH.

Southern Writers in New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—Mrs. Margaret Appleton Baker, of Baltimore, is a relative of Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte. She is a versatile writer and a prominent member of the Woman's Press club.

Mrs. Beattie, another southern woman, has been upon the editorial staff of The Sun for twenty years. She has the society and fashion department, and is assisted by a corps of younger writers. "Aunt Fanny" Barrow is a native of Charleston, S. C. She lives in her own handsome house in New York. She has written over seventy books for children, among which are the Nightcap series. Her sister married Richard Grant White.

Miss Mary Tucker Magill writes for Harper's publications. A recent story is entitled "Sis." She is a Virginian, and has written a history of her own state which is in extensive use in its schools. She has visited Alaska, and is preparing a book upon that very interesting part of our country. While traveling she carried her own camera, and made photographs which will be used in illustrating the book.

The prettiest newspaper woman in New York is Miss Elizabeth Bisland, of Georgia. She was formerly engaged on The Times-Democrat, of New Orleans. Coming to New York she became the society editress of The World. She is now upon the staff of The Cosmopolitan Magazine. With her sister, who has a still greater reputation for beauty than herself, she occupies a flat in Park avenue. Her rooms are elegant and are handsomely furnished. The dining room has a dado and frieze of water lilies. The ceiling represents a silver clouded sky, and the wood work and furniture are of English oak. The library walls are hidden by books, the top shelves ornamented by costly bric-a-brac, while rich rugs cover the floor. She is said to be a tireless student; certainly she is rapidly winning her way upward.

Distress in Ireland.

Mr. Balfour, "head of the government" in Ireland, has made a flying trip through the districts where the potato crop failed, and states positively that the distress is not greater than the country as a whole can relieve. Railroad building will be begun at once, which he thinks will furnish money enough for the needed relief.

OF LEGISLATIVE GIANTS.

KNOWN AS BRITAIN'S PARLIAMENT AND THE AMERICAN CONGRESS.

How the Sessions of These Great Law Making Bodies Are Opened—Some Notabilities Who Will Be Seen No More at Washington.

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Having seen the congress of the United States open its session and enjoyed many hours in listening to its debates I naturally wanted to "take a go" at the house of commons while in London before the recent autumn adjournment, but that thing "cawn't be done any day, don't you know."

MR. BARNES, OF GEORGIA.

In fact more negotiation is required to get a look at the commons in session than to see President Harrison. The important distinction between the capitol buildings of the two nations is this: In Washington the halls of congress and their galleries make up most of the interior; at Westminster palace the hall is but an insignificant room in the great building, while the gallery is no larger in proportion than that set apart for negroes in old southern churches.

Nor was it easy to find Americans who knew much about the commons, for it is a singular fact that of the many thousand Yankees in London during "the season" scarcely one in a hundred gets a peep at the house. To the question, however, as to what struck them most, as different from the congressional proceedings, all who had looked at parliament answered:

"The habit of cross-examining the cabinet officials. There would have to be quite a revolution at Washington before our fellows would stand up and answer any question any member of the opposition party chose to ask."

As a matter of fact, the ministers do not answer all the questions; they are at liberty to "reserve a reply when important interests might be jeopardized by premature publication." And when they do answer their words are often so ordered that an American has to study them with the aid of a world's atlas, a political dictionary and a set of the "blue books" to get at the exact meaning. It is amusing to note, however, that human nature breaks out in much the same way at Westminster and Washington. The members in the minority usually ask in such a way as to imply that the whole concern is going to the "demnition bowwows," and the minister's answer contains a marked implication that the British empire is now in the highest state of prosperity, and would be in much better case were it not for the pesky opposition.

The practice of the monarch's appearing in person is gradually falling into disuse, and so the approaching session will doubt-

MR. CHEADLE, OF INDIANA.

less be opened as many preceding ones have been, by the lords commissioners—that is, by the lord chancellor and five other members of the privy council. Exactly at 2 o'clock on the day set Lord Chancellor Halsbury takes his seat "on the woolsack," and the lords present also take seats and remain silent for about one solemn minute. Then the lord chancellor walks into a side room and soon reappears at the head of the commission—all the six in gorgeous scarlet and ermine robes. They range themselves on a bench in front of the throne, and the chancellor commands the "gentleman usher of the black rod" (Hon. Sir James R. Drummond, G. C. B., at present) to announce to her majesty's commons that the lords await.

The commons meanwhile are having a good deal of fun. The speaker simply calls them to order, and then they fall to talking and laughing, inquiring as to each other's health during the recess and "chaffing" the late comers. The door toward the lords opens, the cry of "Black Rod" is raised and there is silence. He bows three times and delivers his message, then follows the speaker out, and all the members march after to the hall of the lords. Of late years there has been much relaxation, and few of the commoners listen to the proceedings. The royal commission is read by the clerks, each of the six commissioners rising and bowing as his name is mentioned. Then Lord Halsbury reads the queen's speech, but no one hears it. The members will soon have the papers containing it, and so they, especially the commoners, put in the time socially. They are then dismissed, and go to their own hall by "route step and arms at will," sometimes getting up a pretty good imitation of a college "rush."

Such in brief is the account given by all Americans who have witnessed the ceremony of late years. Not only is there a natural tendency to relax the old strictness, but many of the younger radicals make it a point to be boisterous. The United States parliament (which was named congress only by a sort of accident) never was very formal, and hence in American histories one finds none of those florid and studied descriptions of its beginnings so common in English histories. With but three exceptions party majorities have always been so large that speakers were chosen with no struggle in the house, though there is generally a hot time in the party caucus.

The clerk of the preceding house of representatives makes up the list of the new house, calls the same to order at noon on the first Monday in December, calls the roll and presides till the house chooses a speaker, and then retires without ceremony to private life. Three times, however, in American history the clerk has become a man of great importance, and once he was a bigger man than the president. This was in December, 1855, and John W. Forney was the man. The house began balloting on the 3d of December and kept it up till Feb. 1, 1856; then despairing of giving any candidate a majority of all the votes cast, it agreed to allow a plurality to elect, and on Feb. 2 Nathaniel P. Banks became speaker. It is an odd coincidence that after having been a general and governor of Massachusetts he returned to congress for a time and at the late election was defeated by Sherman Hoar.

The senate being in theory a continuing body, and having the vice president for its presiding officer, meets very much as if it had adjourned but the previous day. Nevertheless the opening of a new congress excites general attention, and the galleries are usually crowded, as they are also at the opening of the second session. At this the speaker usually says a few nice things about his joy at meeting the members again, and it is presumed that nothing has lately happened to cause Mr. Reed to omit that cheerful courtesy this year.

At the opening of the next congress, however, there will be fun. There always is some fun over the proceedings of the new members, and the house of the Fifty-second congress will certainly be "new." Entire state delegations will consist of new men, and there will be nearly 100 members who have never served in any parliamentary body, not even a state legislature. Of those new to congress 120 will be Democrats and 30 Republicans—as near as can now be determined—with a somewhat uncertain quantity of Farmers' Alliance men. That nearly all the prominent Republicans of preceding congresses were "left" is of common knowledge, but it is a little surprising to observe that many prominent Democrats are in the same fix.

MR. GROSVENOR, OF OHIO.

Georgia, for instance, returns but four old members, while Kentucky sends nine; Indiana returns some old Democrats, but of Republicans not one, and so on "all around the board." The hall of the house will look queer to old visitors. Among the most noted absentees will be Messrs. McKinley, Butterworth, Cannon, McAdoo, Lawler, Grosvenor, Kennedy— But the list is too long. Some who had not had time to acquire leadership will be greatly missed, among them the gigantic Barnes, of Georgia. He is b., intellectually and physically, but was turned down in the general overturn. He is the biggest man in the present house and among the very best lawyers.

Mr. Cheadle, of Indiana, has been conspicuous for several reasons, and stands as a remarkable example of how much talent lies concealed about the country till some exigency calls it out. He ran the usual course of the ambitious country boy, first as teacher in a district school, then law student and for some time editor of a ramshackle country newspaper, the financial condition of which was matter for laughter and tears. The coming of a circus show, with its usual $30 bill for a "mammoth ad," was a white day with him then. I speak feelingly on this subject, for Mr. Cheadle sold the concern to me. He went to Frankfort, Clinton county, got a better show, and at the end of a long party dissension was nominated as a compromise candidate, thus becoming the member from the Ninth Indiana district. He served his constituency admirably, and, having been a private for three years in the Seventy-first Indiana, he naturally stood forth as a "soldier champion." According to northern Indiana custom (and not a very good custom) he was given but two terms.

Gen. Charles Henry Grosvenor, of the Fifteenth Ohio district, is also a soldier's champion, and has had an extremely varied experience as lawyer, soldier and speaker of the Ohio house; nevertheless, at the end of his third congress he goes out. Texas dispenses in the near future with Hon. William Harrison Martin, of the First district, and they do say that but for the lucky accident of a bell boy with a sharp nose the world would have dispensed with him, for Mr. Martin is the man who "blew out the gas." The facts are not fully

MR. MARTIN, OF TEXAS.

known, for Maj. Martin threatened death to any man who told them, and actually assaulted one reporter.

"Billy" Mason, of Chicago, will also be missed, and "Little Giant" McCarthy, "Sawmill" Rogers, of Arkansas, and McClammy, of North Carolina; in fact, when one looks over the list of the bright and witty, the old familiar and the solid, the comical and the slightly ridiculous ones who will not come back, he is compelled to wonder who the remarkable and eccentric characters in the next congress will be.

J. H. BEADLE.

Did He Kiss Them?

"My father," says a Colorado judge, "was a stern, exacting man, who did not seem to think a boy on a farm needed any time to go fishing or to hunt woodchucks. He was also a believer in the free use of the rod, which, as I used to think, often spoiled the child.

"One week my father had to leave home to be gone three days. He took me out to a field of potatoes and said, 'John, I want you to hoe those potatoes while I am gone. I shall be gone just three days. You can do it in that time if you are spry.'

"As soon as father was gone I went out and looked the field over. It was just the season of trout fishing in our region. I said, 'Sho, I believe I can hoe that field in two days easy enough.' So I went off and fished all the first day.

"The second day I went out and looked the ground over, and said, 'I believe if I get up early and work real hard I can hoe those potatoes in one day.' So I went and fished all the second day.

"The third morning I went out, and the field seemed to have grown twice as big in the night. I said, 'I can't do it in one day the best I can work, and father will lick me for fishing two whole days, anyhow.' So I went and fished the third day."

The judge doesn't tell whether he finally hoed the potatoes or not, but he has certainly been a hard worker since then, and perhaps the rod did not spoil the child after all.—Youth's Companion.

Overcome by a Woman.

There were four pretty tough looking characters sitting on a bench in Battery park the other day relating their adventures to each other. One had been in a mutiny at sea; a second had been a terror to a whole county, and a third intimated that he had once trained with a band of pirates. The fourth was a lanky, long faced man with a sunken chest, and when the others had finished he said:

"Gentlemen, why was I run out of Chicago? Because the papers called me a holy terror and put the police on to me. You probably remember of the five policemen who were found dead in a bunch? I had to do it."

"Of course you did," they assented.

"Why did the governor of Kansas set a price on my head—$10,000, dead or alive? You probably saw in the papers that only one man out of the thirteen in the sheriff's posse returned alive? Didn't want to do it, but had to."

"Certainly; just our case," they replied.

"I'd like to go to St. Louis," he continued, "but it wouldn't be prudent. You probably saw the account of my stealing a steamboat and running her off?"

"Of course we saw," replied the three.

The lanky man was ready to relate another chapter of his life when a lame woman with a few pears in a basket came along and said:

"Come, now, move along, and give me a bit of the bench."

No one moved. They hardly realized her presence. They were busy thinking what desperate men they were.

"And that's the kind of gentility ye show a poor, lame woman, is it?" exclaimed the indignant female, and dropping her basket, she seized them one after the other and flung them into the middle of the path. As the last one went she sat down in the middle of the bench, got a brace for her feet and continued:

"And now let's see the whole four of yez trot me out of this!"

They didn't try. Humbly, meekly and lamblike they sauntered away to find another bench, totally ignoring the fact that they were desperate men of decided villainy.—New York Sun.

Wood Ducks and Their Young.

Oddly enough, when the wood birds go bathing, they prefer the dancing ripples to the still shining of the pools. Instinct, perhaps, tells them of the greedy fish and big hungry turtles that lie in wait in the depths. See that pair of wood ducks wheedling and chattering about the half dead sycamore that bends over the stream. Mrs. Duck made her nest in the soft rotten wood at top of it. She has just hatched out a dozen balls of yellow down and is setting about getting them down to the water.

Once there, they will swim like ducks indeed. But flying is as yet beyond them, and the nest is twenty feet in air. Look close and you will see the mother bird poised with half spread wings just outside the nest. Slowly, cautiously, with low, cautious cries, her mate pushes one of the ducklings quite upon the middle of her back, gives a sharp, satisfied quack, and at once she sails down, settles herself in mid-stream, dives gently and leaves her baby sitting on the water without in the least knowing how he got there.

With a shake of the wings and a quack that says "Take care!" she is off to the nest, and keeps it up till all her little ones are launched. As she brings the last a cruel thing happens. Right below her flock there is a swift up swirling of water. Something brown and unwieldy comes almost to the surface, then sinks like lead and takes with it the plumpest, downiest of all the yellow darlings. Inside a minute another is dragged down, and another, and still another—the snapping turtle, which, once he has taken hold, "never lets go." Anyway he has a weakness for ducklings. He would eat the whole dozen of them if the distracted parents did not hurry them ashore.

There they will not be in very much better care. Foxes live in the caves all along the bluffs. Minks, too, and weasels and coons. Any night you may hear them splashing about in the waters for mussels, crayfish and such small deer.—Forest and Stream.

Motive Power of the World.

Four-fifths of the engines now working in the world have been constructed during the last twenty-five years. France owns 47,500 stationary engines, 7,000 locomotives and 1,850 steamboat engines. Germany has 10,000 locomotives of all kinds, 59,000 stationary engines and boilers and 1,700 ship and steamboat engines. Austria has 12,000 stationary engines and 2,800 locomotives.

The force equivalent to the working power steam engines represent: In the United States, 7,500,000 horse power; in England, 7,000,000 horse power; in France, 3,000,000 horse power; in Austria, 1,500,000 horse power, and in Germany, 4,500,000 horse power. In these figures the motive power of locomotive engines is not included, whose number in all the world at the beginning of 1890 was 105,000, representing a total of between 5,000,000 and 7,000,000 horse power; for the sake of convenience we will say 6,000,000 horse power, which, added to the other powers enumerated above, gives us a total of 49,000,000 horse power for the world.—St. Louis Republic.

The Boy Got It Afterward.

A certain Dexter man isn't a success as a mouser. Furthermore, he has a young son who has shown himself shockingly deficient in the way of compassion for the suffering. The other morning a mouse crept cautiously from the open door of the cellarway. The man of the house grabbed a broom, carefully poised his weapon and launched a mighty blow at the venturesome rodent. As he struck his toe caught in a rug and away he gayly went, head first, bump, thump, bang to the bottom of the cellar stairs. As he was trying to remember whether 'twas last year or day before to-morrow he became conscious of a face peeking over the door sill, a face squizzled with a twist of demoniac glee. A pause and then the shrill voice of his youngest chirped, "I'v'e git 'im, d-a-a-d!"

Fish Produce Many Eggs.

It has been found by count and estimate that a shrimp every year produces about 6,800 eggs, a prawn 8,800, a lobster 21,000, a flounder 133,407, a mackerel 454,651, a herring 36,960, a cod 3,686,760, a ling 19,248,635. The swarm of enemies to which the eggs of fish are exposed renders necessary the production of a much larger number than are hatched and come to maturity, otherwise any species must soon become extinct.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Keep Out of Debt.

Every one who has a fixed income of any kind can and ought to regulate his expenditures so as to bring them within it. This is a habit which should be inculcated in the very earliest years. The child with an allowance for his pleasures, be it ever so small, should never be suffered to exceed it or to draw upon the future. The youth should be taught to undergo any self denial rather than to borrow the money to obtain a gratification. There is more true independence in this lesson than in hundreds of shouts or boasts of liberty, which too often only convey the idea of casting off duty and obligation.

Such instruction, however, will be useless while example points the other way. The father and mother who live beyond their means, who incur debt for the pleasures of the table or of dress, or for the vanity of competing with neighbors and keeping up a certain style of living, or for private indulgence of any kind, need never expect to cultivate in their child an honorable determination to owe no man anything.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Primitive Town.

The picturesque inland town of Southport, which has attracted so many visitors by its primitiveness and refreshing sea breezes, possesses no town hall, town pump nor town crier; neither does it boast any physician, undertaker, grave stone dealer, lawyer or barber; nor on its streets and highways can be found any blacksmith shop, apothecary shop, milliner's shop, shoe dealer's establishment, jeweler's store or fish market; nor is there any settled pastor to dispense gospel truths to the people, but still the town gets on very well. The church pulpit is occupied about every Sunday, and when the services of any professional gentleman are needed he is summoned from the next town. The people live quietly but comfortably, and they learn to do without many things that most people count among the necessaries of life. —Lewiston Journal.

Being Shaved in India.

In my wanderings about the world, writes a veteran traveler, being of the Esau type, a hunter and a hairy man, I have tested the barbers of many nations, and bought their facial implements, too. The razor of India, though a clumsy looking semi-disc of steel on a straight handle, does its work, in native hands, on scalps (as a religious rite) and on rough faces, very neatly and comfortably by merely moistening the epidermis with cold water, soap being prohibited. Many a time has that primitive instrument crossed my chin without making a scratch. At the courts of oriental tyrants drawing a drop of blood during the operation of shaving was a capital offense—a precautionary edict, no doubt.—Exchange.

Salt for Moths.

For moths salt is the best exterminator. The nuns in one of the hospital convents have tried everything else without success and their experience is valuable, as they have so much clothing of the sick who go there, and strangers when dying often leave there quantities of clothing, etc. They had a room full of feathers which were sent for pillow making, and they were in despair, as they could not exterminate the moths until they were advised to try common salt. They sprinkled it around, and in a week or ten days they were altogether rid of the moths. They are never troubled now.—New York Journal.